The Woman's Era.

VOL. II. NO. 1. BOSTON, MASS., APRIL, 1895 PRICE 10 CENTS.

JOSEPHINE ST. P. RUFFIN.

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FLORIDA RUFFIN RIDLEY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz gave the first in her series of talks on the "Science of Human Beings" before the Era Club Tuesday evening, March 28, at the Charles St. Church vestry. At a time and in a community where people are talked to, and at, and about until they are more inclined to run from rather than to lectures, it is gratifying to note that, so novel in scheme and so inspiring in result was this talk, that the enthusiasm created by it is likely to run and spread and create a wide interest to hear the remainder of the course. These lectures are given at the Club's expense and are free to the public. The next one will be given April 11.

Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams, editor of the Illinois department of the WOMAN'S ERA and secretary of the Illinois Woman's Alliance, is expected to deliver a series of lectures in New England in April.

The March literary meeting of the Woman's Era Club was in charge of the Committee on Manners and Morals, Miss Eliza Gardner, chairman. Two well prepared papers were read, one by Mrs. Agnes Adams on "Our Needs," and the other by Mrs. Alice Casneau on "Morals and Manners." As a result of suggestions made by Mrs. Casneau, the following resolution was adopted by the Club:

WHEREAS, The Woman's Era Club having had their attention called to the very common practice of putting tickets in the hands of children to be sold for the benefit of different objects, do herewith

RESOLVE, That inasmuch as the custom of permitting young girls to solicit men to buy tickets from them is damaging to modesty and a menace to morality, we do set the seal of our condemnation upon it, and call upon the church people especially to help us abolish the custom.

The Club then listened to an interesting narration by its president, who went as a delegate to the Triennial Council of Women at Washington, and then farther south on a visit to Women's clubs in that section. The president reported that she had returned with health and enthusiasm in and for our women burning more brightly than ever. Her stay was short, but long enough to show her that the women of the south-land are as active in trying to "help make the world bet-

Mrs. N. A. Ridley
Nov. 28, 1930

1

ter" as their sister-women elsewhere; and proving that, wherever she may be, north or south, in friendly or unfriendly surroundings, the woman who is determined to do and be makes her own conditions.

Mrs. Mary S. Ransome, vice president, and Mrs. Hannah Smith, financial secretary of the Era Club, represented their Club at the last reception given by the Cantibridgia of Cambridge.

The Club membership grows steadily, showing that the feeling among women, that they cannot afford to miss the opportunity this organization gives to help and be helped, is increasing.

The regular literary meeting and high tea of the New England Women's Press Association was held at the Parker House Wednesday, March 20, at four o'clock. Mrs. Kate Tannatt Wood of Salem gave her new lecture, "War Days in and out of Camp." Mrs. Elizabeth M. Goss contributed most interesting reminiscences of days spent in Fort Warren. Miss Ednorah Nahar recited "Bivouac Fires," and Miss Laura Frances Eaton of Detroit sang in the afternoon programme. The after-supper programme included speeches on different topics by Mrs. Sara White Lee, Regent of Daughters of Revolution, Mrs. D. H. Cram and Mrs. Marie Robinson Wright, of Georgia, and music.

NEW YORK.

VICTORIA EARLE, EDITOR.

IN MEMORIAM.

Frederick Douglass.

One whose majestic presence ever here
Was as an inspiration held so dear,
Will greet us nevermore upon the earth.
The funeral bells have rung; there was no dearth
Of sorrow as the solemn cortege passed;
But ours is a grief that will outlast
The civic splendor. Say, among all men,
Who was this hero that they buried then,
With saddest plaint and sorrow-stricken face?
Ay! 'Twas a princely leader of his race!

And for a leader well equipped was he;
Nature had given him most regally
E'en of her choicest gifts. What matter then
That he in chains was held? What matter when
He could uplift himself to noblest heights?
For with his native greatness, neither slights
Nor wrongs could harm him; and a solemn wrath
Burned in his soul. He well saw duty's path;
His days heroic purposes did know,
And could he then his chosen work forego?

Born to a fate most wretched, most forlorn!
A slave! alas! of benefits all shorn
Upon his entrance into life. What lot
More destitute of hope! Yet e'en that blot
Could not suffice to dim the glowing page
He leaves to History; for he could wage
Against oppression's deadliest blows a war
That knew no ending, until nevermore
Should any man be called a bondman. Ay!
Such was a conflict for which one could die!

Panting for freedom early, he did dare
To throw aside his shackles; for the air
Of slavery is poison unto men
Moulded as Douglass was; they suffer, then
Manhood asserts itself; they are too brave—
Such souls as his, to die content a slave.
So being free, one path alone he trod,
To bring to liberty—sweet boon from God—
His deeply injured race; his tireless zeal
Was consecrated to the bondman's weal.

He thought of children sobbing round the knees
Of hopeless mothers, where the summer breeze
Blew o'er the dark savannas. What of woe
In their sad story that he did not know?
He was a valiant leader in a cause,
Than none less noble, though the nation's laws
Did seem to spurn it; and his matchless speech
To Britain's sea-girt island shores did reach.
Our Cicero, and yet our warrior knight
Striving to show mankind might is not right!

He saw the slave uplifted from the dust,
A freeman! Loyal to the sacred trust
He gave himself in youth, with voice and pen,
He had been to the end. And now again
The grandest efforts of that brain and heart
In ev'ry human sorrow bore a part.
His regnant intellect, his dignity
Did make him honored among all to be;
And public trusts his country gladly gave
Unto this princely leader—born a slave!

Shall the race falter in its courage now
That the great chief is fallen? Shall it bow
Tamely to aught of injury? Ah, nay!
For daring souls are needed e'en today.

Let his example be a shining light,
Leading through duty's paths to some far height
Of undreamed victory. All honored be
The silv'ry head of him we can no more see!
Children unborn will venerate his name,
And History keep spotless his fair fame.

The Romans wove bright leafy crowns for those
Who saved a life in battle with their foes;
And shall not we as rare a chaplet weave
To that great master soul for whom we grieve?
Yea! Since not always on the battle field
Are the best vict'ries won; for they who yield
Themselves to conquer in a losing cause,
Because 'tis right in God's eternal laws,
Do noblest battle; therefore fitly we
Upon their brows a victor's crown would see.

Yes! our great chief has fallen, as might fall
Some veteran warrior answering the call
Of duty. With the old serenity,
His heart still strung with tender sympathy,
He passed beyond our ken; he'll come no more
To give us stately greeting as of yore.
We cannot fail to miss him. When we stand
In sudden helplessness, as through the land
Rings echo of some wrong he could not brook,
Then vainly for our leader will we look.

But courage! no great influence can die
While he is doing grander work on high;
Shall not his deeds an inspiration be
To us left in life's struggle? May not we
Do aught to emulate him whom we mourn?
We are a people now, no more forlorn
And hopeless. We must gather courage then,
Rememb'ring that he stood man among men.
So let us give, now he has journeyed hence,
To our great chieftain's memory, reverence!

H. CORDELIA RAY.

WASHINGTON.

MARY CHURCH TERRELL, EDITOR.

Publicly parading the faults of the negro may be good policy for our leading journalists to adopt, but the benefit to be derived from it is not clear to me. Mr. T. Thomas Fortune, who easily heads the list of our newspaper men, has recently criticized the race with which he is identified for whining. This tendency to *whine* and not seize the opportunity within reach is cited as a special weakness of the colored people of this country. Of course, this criticism, made by so intelligent a representative as Mr. Fortune, has been widely copied by white newspapers, which have rolled it like a sweet morsel under their tongues, and have indulged in a perfect love feast of praise of the *Age's* editor. They have shaken their wise but guilty heads, declaring, "We told you so. You don't need any more rights and opportunities. You don't use those already in your possession. You consume too much time whining, for one of your own, who ought to know, says so." But the negro is by no means a chronic whiner, and his record in this country will prove that he is not. His progress in the face of all but insurmountable obstacles, of which he has hardly complained at all, has been a miracle from the day he was freed, without a place to lay his head and a penny to buy bread, till the present moment. If he has had one fault more glaring than another, it has been his long-suffering patience with an injustice and a barbarity which should bring a blush of shame to the cheek of even the unspeakable Turk. The trouble is, he does not complain enough to show how the iron has entered his soul. Everything, and I had almost said everybody, has opposed the progress of the negro in this country, the very heavens have been brass above him, and yet he has poured forth no loud lamentations bemoaning his fate, as Mr. Fortune would have us believe. Occasionally some of the more intelligent of the race have lifted their voices manfully against the injustice everywhere prevalent, but the rank and file have patiently toiled and silently suffered. If Mr. Fortune found many opportunities in the South of which the negro doesn't avail himself, he should put them on the market immediately. My observation in and of the South teaches me that opportunities for the negro do not run loose for any great length of time before they are captured and utilized. The prosperity of the average colored Southerner who has had any chance at all proves this beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Considering how great the injustice practiced by Americans against the negro, and recalling how he has patiently plodded along, with scarcely a word of complaint or reproach for his oppressors, a fair-minded person must conclude that the charge of chronic whining brought by Mr. Fortune against him seems as cruel as it is unwarranted.

But even if the negro were a constitutional whiner or had an organic weakness of any other nature, what possible good accrues from the merci-

less fault finding and sweeping accusations in which some of our leading journalists indulge? If one member of a family have a little more of the old Adam in him than his share, is it not almost treacherous for his relatives to talk about his peccadilloes where they will reach the greatest number of ears? Let us say more about the good qualities of the negro, particularly where it is likely to be heard by those who are only too willing to believe the evil reports of us. The majority of white Americans have an eye single to the vices of the negro and are hopelessly blind to his many virtues. No sane person would advocate wholesale eulogies of the negro, but before making sweeping denunciations of him in print, it might be well to reflect upon the trials and tribulations to which a dog with a bad name is always subjected.

The author of the article on whining negroes has produced much that is better and worthier of him, but I doubt that he has received so many encomiums for any of his other contributions, or has been so affectionately patted on the back by his white confreres as he has for this criticism. Such attacks upon the negro are just what the average Anglo-Saxon editor likes, and he considers them great finds, over which he gloats in the most ghoulish glee.

ILLINOIS.

FANNIE BARRIER WILLIAMS, EDITOR.

Though somewhat late, I cannot refrain from wanting to join the universal chorus of praise and sorrow uttered over the life and death of our greatest man and friend, Frederick Douglass. Like so many readers of the ERA, I sustained a personal relationship to Mr. Douglass that will remain always as an inspiration and grateful remembrance. But without intruding myself and my own personal emotions, I feel like blessing Mr. Douglass' name forever because of his always honorable and chivalric regard for womankind. His belief in women was never qualified by a disparaging "if." His own love of liberty was so full and cordial that he could tolerate no limitations based on sex lines. Liberty to be all that poor human nature can be in its aspirations for perfection was one of Mr. Douglass' cardinal sentiments. But this sentiment could have no value or inspiration from him if it stopped short of womankind. In this largeness of spirit and thought, Mr. Douglass was always as ardent in his plea for suffrage for women as he was in his mighty pleadings for manhood suffrage.

No eminent American commanding the forces of public opinion had a better opportunity of knowing the worth of women by the exacting tests of great principles and high sentiments than Mr. Douglass. In his magnificent struggle to emancipate himself and others from all the degrading forces of a hated past, Mr. Douglass trusted the friendship and honored the counsels of women. In all of his romantic experiences he found the women steadfast to the cause of justice, beautifully sensitive to honor, and resistless in their hold upon the heartstrings of public opinion. The singular purity of his motives meant always the exaltation of women, and their soulful sympathy and love of justice meant to him a deeper sense of honor and courage.

But in his high regard for women, there was in Mr. Douglass no lack of susceptibility to the mystic charms and gaiety of feminine nature. His was a poetic spirit, and the poetry of womankind was to him as joyous and inspiring as it was to the soul of the impressionable Goethe. Woman's beauty, woman's affection, woman's piquancy and charm were to him the very soul and music of life, and in his capacity for enjoyment of women's society he found continuous youthfulness. Thus it was that Mr. Douglass breathed and lived in a purer social atmosphere than most of his associates in the stern cause of freedom.

He so lived not only that men might be free and equal and exalted, but that women, too, by the same emancipating forces, might come equally into the estate of freedom. His life was a compliment to women. His eloquence in behalf of women's rights to the equalities of citizenship is a lasting justification of women's claims and contentions for perfect liberty.

By right of his manly confidence in woman, by right of his contribution to the forces that tend to the greater freedom and equality of men and women, by right of his high conceptions of honor in the relationships of men and women, Mr. Douglass was easily the strongest and best friend American women ever had among the great men of the republic.

The history of progressive women in this country cannot be written without grateful acknowledgement to the helpful and inspiring influences of the incomparable friend of all humanity, Frederick Douglass.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DORA J. COLE, EDITOR.

We are glad to note in the Methodist Conference, now in session in our city, a disposition to recognize the claims of the women of the church. The right has been conceded them to vote for delegates to represent the several churches, and it will be only a question of time before women will take their places as lay delegates to the conference.

In days of yore it was decided that "taxation without representation was tyranny;" yet, although women are the major part of every congregation, and are the figurative, nay *literal* right-hand men of the clergy, although they are more conscientious about their religious obligations and more helpful in adding to the revenues of the church. When the crucial time comes, when there is a question as to legislation or expenditure, then the men arise in their majesty and relegate the women to the task of remembering what St. Paul said, "Let the women keep silence." In his Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul goes on to instruct the women, "If they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home." The most active and efficient women in our churches are widows and single women. These women have the leisure to be Sunday school teachers, Bible readers, missionary and church guild workers.

The mere fact of sex decides nothing as to mental power. We are all acquainted with families where all the masculine attributes of invention, energy and execution have been absorbed by the girls. The sons have been weak, ineffective, and without ambition. Put those strong women in a church or any organization, and they stand out in strong relief against the background of mediocre men and women. Able, strong, original, highly individualized people do not form the majority in any community. In school, in church, in club life, in society they are easily discerned. They create an atmosphere which environs us. We absorb it, it becomes a part of us, and inspiration and expansion enough are given us to make practical the ideas that genius is often too impatient to elaborate. Let good gray matter rule in whatever shape it is found, and let the women write their declaration of independence.

You will be glad to know that our city has in its employ about ten successful colored kindergarteners. The kindergarten is regularly incorporated in our public school system as a sub-primary division. Conspicuous ability has been shown by these trained women, and they have often been commended by the superintendent.

Miss Malinda Amos of the O. V. Catto School was selected to give an illustration of her methods with a class of children, at a general exhibition of school work from every section of our city.

Miss M. Inez Cassey has had remarkable success in a quarter of the city where great difficulties had to be overcome. Her kindergarten is an *omnium gatherum* of negroes, Russian Jews, Italians, etc., etc. Her musical knowledge, her sunny and sympathetic temperament make her particularly suited for the work. In conjunction with Miss Cassey is Miss Florence Cozzins, a very able and successful teacher.

I would like to tell you in detail of the work of each of these teachers, for each has something distinctive and meritorious, but space forbids.

One thing I must observe in passing. In each of these child gardens little white snowdrops bloom in profusion. I mean that there seems to be no objection to a colored woman teaching white infants; but in no case has a colored woman been appointed to teach in a mixed school of higher grade.

It is my pleasant duty to tell the publishers of the ERA of the many expressions of commendation for the paper that have reached me.

Mrs. Reuben Armstrong, wife of a prominent clergyman of Harrisburg, writes that she feels the paper is doing a noble work for women, and that she intends to do all in her power to extend its circulation in Harrisburg. That is showing her appreciation in a very practical way. A well-established paper, with a year's successful work behind it, is a good hostage for the future. If all the fond hopes are realized it is cheering to think of the vistas of usefulness that open up before it.

J. R. Ridley

LOUISIANA.

ALICE RUTH MOORE, EDITOR.

"Daring is a wondrous thing." Perhaps if I were a preacher I would call that a text; but this is not a sermon, so it can be but a headline. Daring is not only a wondrous, but a beauteous thing; and to behold an element of this sort of beauty in one is enough to inspire the onlooker with a sort of awe, not unmixed with a wholesale determination to do noble deeds. Perhaps that is why the American people can do so many unheard-of things that require especial strength and keenness and perception. They have always before them the example of a down-stamped people, daring to rise and rise again, to emulate and strive and be something. It's a superb sight, this magnificent abandonment of all lesser interests, or merging them into one; these strong, straight, swift-from-the-shoulder blows that this scarce-tamed animal from the dusky region gives, magnificent, even if he is made to bite the dust often. He dares.

The memorial services, held in honor of the grandest of grand men, Frederick Douglass, by the Phyllis Wheatley Woman's Club, will long be remembered. Of course there had been memorial services and memorial services piled up in honor of the champion of our people, but there had been none like this, where everything, even down to the pumping of the organ and the ushering of the audience, was done by women. On the 20th of February, when the club was in session, Frederick Douglass died; and just one month later, on the 20th of March, the club met once more, but to commemorate that death, in Central Church. Mrs. Gates' invocation, some asserted, wickedly, perhaps, was far ahead of the praying of some of our best divines. The choir was composed entirely of women, members of the club, accompanied on the organ by Mrs. Alice Clark, and on the violins by Miss Julia Lewis and Emma Rose Williams. Miss A. R. Moore read a poem "In Memoriam" on Douglass' death, and there were other things. A selection from one of his books by Miss Valena McArthur, a contralto solo by Miss Leontine Vignes, a soprano solo, "Calvary," by Miss Julia Lewis, the resolutions, drawn up by Miss Kennedy, and read by Miss Rosa Fleming, a solo by Miss Arabella B. Kennedy, and the doxology. All were especially good, and no one could have failed to be impressed with the general excellence of all. But—the gem, the masterpiece of the evening was the magnificent eulogy by Miss Bibb. From the moment she stepped upon the pulpit, and with her clear, ringing, sonorous voice began her opening sentence, to the climax of, "The Greeks had their Alexander, the Romans their Cæsar, the French their Napoleon, the English their Cromwell, the Americans their Washington—and the Negroes their Douglass!" when the enthusiasm of the assembly broke loose, Miss Bibb held her audience enthralled. And when she had finished, everyone felt that, with one oratorical bound, she had leaped into great distinction.

The case of Lem Brown, the young negro who shot two white fellows lately in self-defence, is attracting considerable attention. Lists are being circulated to collect money to fight his case, to put in a strong plea in his behalf. It seems hard, incredible, cruel, to be tried, convicted and perhaps hung or imprisoned, because one was quick enough to prevent being shot or stabbed. So the women have taken the matter in their hands and are working earnestly.

Lent is nearly over, and the season of enforced rest turned out to be not such a rest after all, for the busy ones found they had more than enough to do in catching up with things left undone in the hurry and skurry of the season's busy time. So the rush continues, and there is only the two months' rest in the summer to look forward to for anything like "surfeit from daily cares."

MISSOURI.

JOSEPHINE SILONE YATES, EDITOR.

DISCIPLINE.—(Continued.)

LUELLEN WILLIAMS.

Our teachers, in many cases, have to be both parent and instructor. The children they deal with must be taught that order is necessary to success in any walk in life. They must have explained to them, for the first time, their duty to themselves and their neighbor. They must be made to know when they merit praise and when they deserve censure.

A pretty fair conception of the relation between right and wrong will enable the wrong-doers among the pupils to bear punishment with becom-

ing grace, and to respect the teacher all the more, because she is just.

In all our dealing with children, let us be just; let us be earnest. They are quick to see and quick to appreciate. All of us know that the teacher whom the bad boy remembers with his highest regard, is the one who tried to have him do right for the sake of right, and who, in all her trying, was just and firm. The teacher who did her whole duty was the one who made the greatest impression upon him, and whose advice recurs to him when temptations come and trials invade.

Hundreds of opportunities to build character present themselves in the schoolroom. Do not say no, because it is easier than to say yes. I once heard the venerable Dr. Crummell of Washington, D. C., say that it often strengthens a man to say *no* to him. This came to my mind one day in the classroom, when a young man of twenty made a request. To have granted the request would not have done him any particular harm, but it would have set a bad precedent for fifty other students in the room. My reply was, "No." The young man was startled. He attempted to argue the case. I only shook my head and said more firmly, "It cannot be." He went to his seat in a fit of anger. A quick temper was one of his weaknesses. Several times I was on the point of relenting, but my good angel came to my rescue.

Several weeks after that, when the class was reciting, some one remarked that it is often hard for one to do his duty and that it is even harder sometimes to say *no*. I gave them Dr. Crummell's opinion. The young man whose request had been denied, turned his head quickly from side to side several times, threw one leg over the other, and with a smile, said in an earnest tone, "That is a fact, Mrs. Williams. It helped me once, and not very long ago either." His very manner told what the occasion was, and I was glad that I had been firm.

But let us turn to the inattention that gives so much annoyance! Having, in a measure, quieted the noise and obtained the co-operation and obedience of our pupils, how are we to prevent the absent-mindedness that takes possession of a child, now and again, when most unexpected and least desired?

The end so desirable must be a matter of time. Interest in work and cheeriness of spirit pave the way for it. Steady application to work maintained from time to time, will, at least, grow into habit, and "Habit," you know, "is second nature."

All this seems easy to do, but knowing and doing are two different things. The teacher finds boys and girls saucy and quarrelsome, noisy and idle. She has been told that she must be kind and gentle, that she must appeal to the higher natures of her pupils. She attempts to be kind and is laughed at. She appeals to their higher natures only to find herself like the people of old who cried unto Baal.

Still the noise goes on. How can she conduct a class in arithmetic, meanwhile ejaculating, "John, put up that knife. Willie, stop whistling. Mary, it is not polite to kick anybody. Get up from the floor, Bobbie. Ella, how can you expect to get a lesson and sing at the same time? Who threw those matches on the floor?" From the back of the room a voice cries out "O-u-c-h!" followed by "Make-Jim-Brown-stop-pinching-me! If you don't I'll hurt him!" Then Jim Brown attempts to tell his side of the case, while sixty other grinning little mortals swing their feet and make confusion worse confounded.

Some say that the teacher should call upon the parents and let them know how their children act. This certainly would be a capital way to shift the responsibility, if one only was sure that the parents were able and willing to administer correction the result of which would reach the schoolroom.

COLORADO

ELIZABETH PIPER ENSLEY, EDITOR.

FOR RAISING THE AGE OF CONSENT

The lower branch of the Colorado Legislature has passed the bill for raising the age of protection for girls to twenty-one. This was done at the instance of Representative Carrie Clyde Holly. The bill now waits the action of the Senate to become a law. There is no woman member of Senate.

The Boston *Herald* pays this tribute to the Colorado Legislature: "A review of the services rendered by the three women members of the Colorado Legislature leads to the conclusion that they have proved themselves level-headed, not too self-assertive, not cranky or over-emotional, and altogether creditable representatives of the people. Moreover, their demeanor throughout the session was marked by the utmost propriety, and they were treated with uniform courtesy by their fellow-members. Whatever may be thought of woman suffrage, the woman legislator appears to be a success in Colorado."

THE WOMAN'S ERA.

THE WOMAN'S ERA, the organ of the Woman's Era Club, and devoted to the interests of the Women's Clubs, Leagues and Societies throughout the country.

Published monthly, in Boston, by

JOSEPHINE ST. P. RUFFIN,
FLORIDA R. RIDLEY,
103 Charles Street.
MARIA L. BALDWIN.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Per Annum,	$1.00
Single Copies,	.10
Club Rates, one hundred copies,	7.00

Subscriptions Payable in Advance.

EDITORIAL

The recent visit of the Massachusetts Legislative Committee to the southern states seems to have been unfortunate in its disclosures of the innate smallness of those chiefly concerned. From the beginning, when the probabilities were "all talked over," to the contemptible ending, it is a record of hypocrisy on the one side, servility on the other. That which we all hope is the closing act in the nauseating affair, discloses the governor of Virginia appeasing an enraged constituency by affirming on the honor of a southern gentleman his embarrassment and disgust at having been forced to play the host to a colored guest; and affirming also that the northern committee openly expressed its annoyance at the presence of its colored associate.

In Massachusetts that same committee is trying to satisfy the better element of the state by declaring, in suave resolutions, that it found the company of the colored member more than acceptable — positively agreeable — a sentiment in which the member himself seems to have concurred. And Mr. Teamoh himself, fresh from the insult to his state, to his race, to his manhood, declares himself perfectly satisfied.

So contemptible does the whole thing appear, that if the actors had stood for themselves alone, it could never have risen to the level of public criticism and condemnation. But the good name of the state has been defamed by its apostate representatives, and the self-respect of the whole colored people has been wounded by Mr. Teamoh's servile compliance with the humiliation of the visit.

For him we can conceive of no defence. The attempted justification of the *Boston Herald* seems to us hardly plausible. It calls Mr. Teamoh's course that of a gentleman. But a gentleman does not sacrifice manhood, even upon the altar of good manners. True, he does not force privileges from others, but on the other hand he does not yield passively a single jot of that which is due to him.

It was then the time for Mr. Teamoh to protest, not with noisy assertion of equality, but with the uncompromising dignity of the intimately self-respecting man. The attitude of Mr. Teamoh was exactly that which no gentleman *could* assume. Undoubtedly the colored people were most unfortunate in the personality of their representative.

We who are fortunate enough to belong to Massachusetts, we who love her, we who are proud of her traditions and who know that she makes no idle boast when she claims to have always kept in the vanguard of moral progression — we feel a hot resentment that a few time-servers have made it possible to include her dear name in the list of apologists for southern injustice. We are thankful that one, at least, of her statesmen has declared that Massachusetts' principles are still dearer to her than her dollars.

The views of certain representative (?) colored men at the south are being much quoted, as expressive of the real feeling of colored people in regard to southern social conditions. But it is not too much to affirm that, under existing circumstances at the south, the public expression of colored men is worth as evidence about as much as the testimony of an accused man under torture.

The recent episode may be appropriately named "The Passing of Mr. Teamoh."

There is a growing class of our people who doubt the wisdom in starting any enterprise along race lines; there are those who withhold their support from the ERA because they do not believe in "colored papers." Right here let it be said that the ERA is not "colored." It is a paper whose managers and editors are colored, but the paper is open to all, and hopes and expects in time to employ writers who are the best of their kind, whether such writers are black or white.

We do not believe in accentuating race lines, but we do believe in being more accurately represented than we are or ever can be in any paper that has no colored man or woman on its editorial staff. Colored reporters, space writers or special contributors can do nothing towards making the sentiment of a paper; and since it is a far cry to

a colored editor on the staff of any white paper, we think it the height of absurdity to discourage so-called colored papers while waiting for the millenium. The need of our better representation through the press grows stronger every year and even more pathetic; while our growth intellectually and financially is opening many ways to us; yet that same growth is bringing us into relations not before contemplated by the other race, which consequently is resenting the intrusion. In many respects our situation grows worse instead of better. So long as this is the case, so long as we all suffer together, just so long must we all work together to bring about a different state of affairs.

Thousands of colored women subscribe for the *Ladies' Home Journal*; hundreds of colored women are active workers in getting subscribers; and yet its editor tells Mrs. Mossell that he can not accept contributions to the columns of his paper from women known to be colored for fear of antagonizing his southern white subscribers. Think of this, you colored women whose dollars and efforts are going that this man may live in princely style; think of your money going to support in luxury the writers of that paper, while you hesitate to give ten cents toward the encouragement of writers of your own race! O, the pity of it!

How useless to be continually hoping that others are going to do more for us than we will do for ourselves.

God speed the day when there will be no color in newspapers, when the *Age* and the *Planet* and the ERA will all be employing white as well as black. In the meantime, let us not be content with being served up as others choose. We are about old enough to speak for ourselves.

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The *Atlanta Commercial* says that "Massachusetts deserves to be insulted" in the Teamoh incident. It also scorns the papers which place the prefix "Mr." before the name of any negro, and closes its editorial by saying that any committee of white men that will serve with a negro are as bad as the negro, and that Gov. O'Ferrall should have turned the whole committee out of doors.

We refer northern sympathizers of the south to this editorial and then to the remarks of Governor Greenhalge of Massachusetts at the dinner of the republican legislators. He, the governor, referred forcibly to the significance of the oath taken by members to support the constitution, and declared with eloquent fervor that when Massachusetts sends her representatives beyond her borders, she asks for them no special amenities and she has no concern for social privileges.

In the broad spirit of the constitution of the United States, he said, she sends out her representatives, and while asking nothing of any state or individual, she demands that to her official representatives every right guaranteed by the constitution she ratified be accorded.

"She is not concerned in the unofficial utterances of any official," continued the governor, "especially those made in a sort of ex-post facto way. Massachusetts never asked more than the constitution, and her character of liberty demands and Massachusetts will accept no less. She can not afford to diminish the power of the principles gained by the blood of her bravest and best."

T. R. Ridley

CALIFORNIA.

S. WILLIE LAYTON, EDITOR.

A GLIMPSE OF CALIFORNIA MISSIONS.

The story of the missions of California is but the story of the dawn of civilization on the Pacific Coast, (therefore no pretense of originality is offered in the paper). Those crumbling walls of stone and adobe, stately in their desolation, are the ruins of San Juan Capistrano, La Soledad, or some other of the missions, in the heart of some sleepy Mexican town, where once flourished beautiful gardens and flowering orchards, where sparkled and fell in cadence soft fountains, when the *padres* word was law, and the savage Indians were initiated in the mysteries of the immortality of the soul under the signia of the cross. Stand within those vines when Luna's soft light changes and subdues the effects of devastation and time, wrapt in this mystifying light, something of the original and sublime influences of other days charms you; you look and see the hooded monks walking, reading prayers in the mission gardens, you hear the Indians devoutly chanting an "Ave Maria," when the "Angelus" rippled over the eve of the missions content; or if nearing St. Gabriel (perhaps in the best state of preservation of any of the missions at this

time) you hear the bells call to prayers as they did an hundred years ago—listen attentively, they ring out the history of the life work of *padres* Sena, Crespi, who with other zealous priests labored nobly and did grandly in the work of the church and humanity. About one hundred and fifty years after the explorations of Cabrillo, on the mysterious coast of Upper California, (where he discovered the beautiful bay which he called San Mignel, later named San Diego, by Vizcanio) the hope of the religious zealots was realized. For years their prayers had been unheeded by Spain, until political influences threatened to invade Alta California, then lethargic Spain aroused, and the decree to occupy and establish forts was given. Military posts were ordered established at San Diego and Monterey. Military control was vested in Jose De Galves, the most efficient officer of Spain, and prime favorite of Carlos III. Galves favored combining with military, religious influences and called *padre* Junipero Sena into consultation. Sena's hope and zeal, intensified by years of waiting, hurried to meet the energetic Galves. Between the two it was decided the old Jesuit regime should be the method of establishing the new missions, *i. e.*, that the old missions should create new ones, by giving such church property as bells, vestments, ornaments, also grain, implements and live stock of such quantity as could be spared. The church furnishings were considered gifts, but the other donations regarded as loans, to be repaid when prosperity of the new missions would permit. Jan. 9, 1796, the land and sea expeditions, blessed by *padre* Sana, started out. Sena could not accompany either of them, on account of an ulcerous sore foot, caused by a journey made on foot through Mexico months before. Being possessed of great religious zeal and indomitable will, he started out in March; the fervor of his zeal overcame the anguish of his pain, so that he journeyed on from mission to mission, until, early in May he overtook one of the land expeditions, enduring many hardships and perils. The 16th day of July, 1769, the mission of San Diego de Alcala was founded. The crusaders assembled at the site selected for the *presidio*, bells were swung over the forest tree, which were rung by willing hands; "the waters were blessed, the cross raised, the royal standard thrown to the breeze, the 'Veni Creator' rang out clearly on the virgin air."

Thus was the country taken in the name of God and the king. The savages gathered around in awe and astonishment—according to Vizaino, a totally low and depraved people, no orators and few warriors among them—the women in short skirts of braided rabbit skins, trimmed with gaudy beads, faced smeared with colored mud, the men without even the traditional fig leaf. The first duty of the missionaries was to nurse and restore the sick to health, then the indomitable Sena began the study of the native pagan, while the soldiers erected suitable buildings for the *presidio*. Thus was sown the first seeds of Christianity and civilization in this work. The missions were prosperous, the *padres* loved and cared for the neophytes as their own children.

(To be continued.)

OHIO.

SADA J. ANDERSON, EDITOR.

One evening last week when I was not near so weary of well (?) doing as I am now, a friend and I were discussing the worth that woman has been to the world metrically, or what she has done in poetry and song. We decided that she had been of such great value that it would be nothing amiss to give a few thoughts concerning her metrical life to the ERA. Leaving out entirely those who have given volumes of solacing lines to the public, we speak principally of those who have given us pearls which have never been placed in a casket; yet lines which serve to make the woof of life the more beautiful are uttered and often sung without a thought of the author.

In journaiism woman has been struggling for the last four hundred years against surmountable and insurmountable obstacles, until at last she has set sail, and her voyage on the journalistic sea seems to be peaceful and is successful. In church and state she has been an indispensable factor.

Mrs. Norton, seemingly longing for praise of our fortitude, breaks forth petulantly,

"Warriors and statesmen have their need of praise,
And what they do and suffer men record;
But the long suffering of woman's days
Passes without a thought, without a word."

But Mrs. Adams comes to her with words of comfort, solacing words that have healed the wounded heart of many a weary one. What soul would not feel lifted up to the very gates while singing her "Nearer my God to Thee"? E'en though a cross raise us we are quite content to be nearer.

Again the curtains of heaven seem to be pinned back by the stars to let the drops fall for which Mrs. Codner asks for so plaintively in that supplicative air, "Let some drops now fall on me."

With all due courtesy to the Wesleys, Montgomery, Newton, Watts, Bonar, and many others whose names are household words, we fear that such women as Mrs. Adams, Codner, Phillips, Thrupp, Prentiss, and many others, have given us lyrics which will go with us beyond and be sung forever and ever. It is hard to determine which conveys greater comfort to our hearts, Robinson's "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," or Mrs. Prentiss' "More Love to Thee," or Mrs. Brown's "I love to steal awhile away." Horatius Bonar breaks forth in praise to our God, and pours his soul out in "What a friend we have in Jesus," while Mrs. Bonar apparently joins him in her beautiful lines, "Fade, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine." A careful search of the songs of the church will reveal the fact that with but few exceptions no lines thrill our souls and cause the very heartstrings to vibrate as "Nearer my God to Thee," "I need Thee Every Hour," and "I Love to Tell the Story."

Not only in church has woman given us metrical food for reflection. If you would ask the question as to which song gives most satisfaction in church and state, perhaps the reply would be "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," by Julia Ward Howe. 'Tis true Payne gave us the song of all songs, "Home, Sweet Home." The presence of a woman in that home is the true poetry of the lines.

There are lines which have been consecrated with the tears and laughter of the last half century without a thought of the one whose fertile brain gave them to us. The metrical worth of woman will serve to help refine and ennoble the taste of the young. Luther said that next to theology he gave music the highest place and greatest honor.

There is one of us whose lines have had their day, yet live. One whose heart, under the most adverse circumstances, poured forth strains which the most benighted soul could, if hearing, understand, because she was one of them. One who had the genius to so weave her verses that they drew warm words of praise and encouragement from the immortal Washington. And today, in the same courts of praise and song eternal, dwell the two — George Washington and Phillis Wheatley.

The women of the Dicken's club were delighted with their introduction to the ERA. We bespeak a wide circulation for the paper through this club.

The Tennyson's were called upon to part with their noble president, Mrs. Eudora Bell Duncan, whose good works were silenced last Saturday evening by the hand of death. She was the daughter of J. Madison Bell, our representative poet at the World's Congress of Religions. The stroke is a heavy one to the Tennysons, the Henrietta Mental Culture Society, and the Golden Rule Circle of King's Daughters, for she was an energetic laborer with them. Together with her relatives, hosts of friends in St. Louis, Chicago and Detroit mourn the loss of one so affable, so noble and good. Mrs. Henans tells us that,

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

We were all very much delighted to meet Bishop Arnett, who gave us such an inspiring lecture at Warren Chapel. He is one of our jewels whose very presence gives us inspiration and whose words take us beyond ourselves. Such visits are rare, yet so beneficial that we are wont to say linger longer with us, Bishop.

TENNESSEE,

SYLVIA MANN MAPLES, EDITOR.

Every woman who is a friend to her sex, a friend to her race, should manifest an interest in the ERA's welfare; not merely a verbal interest, for words of themselves are lame vehicles upon which to build success, but an energetic, wide-awake, hands-in-the-purse interest. There is some element in the make up of our race pride wanting, else we would not manifest so little concern in the enterprises of *our people*. Yes, in the language of our good old Southern aunties, "dar's a screw loose somewhars," or we would not indifferently let every undertaking of our race "go to the wall" for want of a little pecuniary assistance.

Club life has a growing popularity in Knoxville

and already plays no minor part in the social world of today.

The Woman's Mutual Improvement Club held its regular meeting at Mrs. Orlena Lee's, Nelson street, on the third Friday of March. An interesting feature of this meeting was the reading of a paper by Mrs. A. B. Murphy, who, in her ever easy manner, told of Booker T. Washington's great educational efforts towards ameliorating the benighted condition of the race in Alabama. Mrs. Alexander Davis will entertain the club at its next meeting, April 5th.

Coming Events.

The social horoscope shows: "An Old-fashioned Spelling Bee," conceived and carried out by several Shiloh Presbyterian ladies. The contestants will show an array of Knoxville ministers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, etc. A prize will be awarded the tenacious individual who until the last resists being spelled down. Proceeds for the pastor, Rev. J. R. Riley, Go.

Two probable weddings in the near future.

A novel entertainment under the direction of The W. M. I. C.

It is said: That a hitherto unwary fish, whose shyness to nibble the bait long held out to him has been remarked upon, has at last been towed in by a persistent angler, "fair and most divinely tall."

That three prominent churches of this town will, ere the "robins nest again," give in marriage their spiritual leaders.

That Flora Batson, at a recent performance, found a place in the hearts of our people by the side of Selika.

By some of both races, who attended the Batson Concerts, and who, by-the-way, are fair judges of musical ability, that our own little song bird, Miss Anna Prosser, need not feel ashamed of herself in any music-loving audience.

That a certain young school teacher is having some "fetching" costumes made. See!

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

You are interested in the advancement of the race and want to do something to help on the work? Then pass the paper along and urge your friends to subscribe. You can not do better work than this.

Any one sending a two-cent stamp will receive a sample copy of the Era.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Boston.

A letter from Texas, just arrived, brings the welcome news to the many friends of Miss Cuney in Boston that the health of her mother is improving right along. She is, however, obliged to still remain in San Antonio, and her physicians say in order to get well she must live out of Galveston. Hon. J. Wright Cuney, who has persistently declined to allow his name to be used for state senator, seems to be the only man the Republicans deem available for the place. A Texas morning paper says "The Republicans say, we will nominate him whether he accepts or not."

Episcopalians are considering the advisability of establishing a church at Houston, with Thomas W. Cain as rector.

Miss Hallie Q. Brown, who is lecturing, reading and singing in England in the interest of Wilberforce University, to help found a Frederick Douglass library in that institution, is receiving warm commendation from our English friends for her talent, her charming personality and her glorious voice, a combination that cannot fail to bring a good return in dollars to the work she is so ably presenting.

Rev. John G. Mitchell, president of the same college, is in New England, working up an interest here in that valuable old institution.

Mr. Joseph Lee, proprietor of the Woodland Park Hotel, is winning fresh distinctions in a new field, as an inventor. He has now two devices on the market, a bread-maker and a bread-crumber. The bread-making machine has been in use in his own hotel for some time, and has made the Woodland Park bread so famous that it is in great demand by bakers and hotel keepers in this vicinity. The crumber is being rapidly introduced into the leading hotels of the country. There is no reason why they should not bring him fortune as well as fame.

Miss Miriam Benjamin has composed a march which is now upon the market, the "Boston Elite Quickstep." It has been played by Sousa's band, and is published by Ross of West street, this city. The publisher is so well pleased with it that he offers to take any future work of Miss Benjamin. By the way, the author is published as E. B. Miriam.

The coffee party, for the benefit of the Home for Aged Colored Women, was a decided success in

every way. It was projected and given by Miss Stewart, assisted by the following committee of ladies: Mrs. M. S. Ransome, Mrs. Rachel Only, Mrs. Charles Mainjoy, Mrs. W. W. Brown, Mrs. M. P. Brown and Mrs. L. Pope. The amount netted was something over thirty dollars. This is to be united with another small fund now held in trust as a nucleus for a fund to be used for some permanent specific plan for helping along the good work of the Home. The president of the Era Club, who holds the old fund, and Miss Stewart, one of the secretaries of the same club, have been invited to a conference with the managers of the Home to consider how to make a small amount of money return the greatest amount of good to the Home, and the blessing to those who unselfishly work for it.

The annual fair for the Home opened most auspiciously Saturday, March 23, at the new, commodious and elegant house of Dr. Ayer, on the water side of Beacon street. The central table, containing the work of the inmates of the Home solely, was presided over by Mrs. Smith, the matron, Mrs. Mary Howard, and Miss Eliza Gardner. Other tables, containing fancy work, exquisite home-made cakes and candies, art collections and books, were cared for by the managers, assisted by gracious and pretty girls. The fair was held here but one day, and re-opened at the Home on Myrtle street Tuesday, the 26th, and continued through the week.

Miss Gibbs, the director of the Eckstein Norton Conservatory, who has spent some time concerting in Boston and neighboring cities, returned last week to fill engagements in Cambridge, West Newton, Taunton and Boston. She is securing funds to erect a building for the Eckstein Norton University, an industrial school at Cane Spring, Ky. Since the fire of 1893, enrolment has so increased as to necessitate a new building. Her last concert in the east will be at Park Street Church, corner Tremont and Park streets, May 2, assisted by Prof. F. M. Davis of Boston Training School, Mr. E. T. Mingles of Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Sidney Woodward, tenor, and Miss C. N. Allen, soprano.

The W. E. C. calendar is out. It gives dates of spring term classes, lectures, meetings, etc. The constitution (amended) with rules for the governing of the Club is now in the hands of the committee, and will shortly be printed and issued.

SOCIAL NOTES.

NEW YORK.

Ye Gods! the golden monogramed, beautifully engraved invitations of the much discussed sub-subscription ball for Wednesday, April 17, under the management of our swell bachelors are out!

"Oh, Dear, Trifles thin as air," you know, but who, oh who has been included! And the others —shades of a thousand Othellos defend us!—when they know who is of the elect and who is not. The patronesses, as will be seen, represent the most prominent ladies of the inner circle of society's exclusive and smart set: Mrs. Elizabeth D. White, Mrs. Frank Carmand, Mrs. Daniel Brooks, Mrs. John Gale, Mrs. Cordelia Attwell, Mrs. James W. Mars, Mrs. Peter W. Downing, Mrs. William H. Smith, Mrs. Edward Barefield, Mrs. Theophilus Fisher, Mrs. Charles A. Dorsey.

The handsome wrangler gave in very gracefully at the last meeting of the Bachelors when Our Rob was denominated McAllister.

The Confirmation Class at St. Philips was unusually large, the service beautiful and impressive, the floral decorations, as usual, artistic; Bishop Coleman officiated, and never did Rev. Bishop speak more impressively than when addressing the candidates.

The Young women were all clad in white, wearing white veils and carrying ivory prayer books. The costumes were not nun-like, quite up to date, particularly as to the sleeves. Beauty, youth, elegance and refinement were very much in evidence.

T. McCants Stewart is greatly in demand as an orator. At the great Douglass Memorial, held recently in Brooklyn, he easily carried away the honors of the occasion.

The boys are calculating as to which will be most productive of real, the exclusive Bachelor ball or the Bazaar that our most popular maids and matrons are arranging for the Sons. I have heard their splendid president named as A. D.—her name is Miss Angeline Dawley. The Bazaar under her management is sure to be a grand success—on the other hand, our Rob is a McAllister.

Anno Domini is between the deep sea and—Mephisto!—"I don't even imagine who the fellow is," she said, with cold indifference, "he is too mean to sail under his true colors"—and "Angry Rob" was himself again—and a McAllister at that! Saved!!

(Scene in committee room, at the "Sons," a bevy of bright women, a vivacious beauty suddenly enters.) "Such an idea! Can't divulge it now, but it is sure to take. Just wait, it's a secret, but *such an idea* for our grand Bazaar!" Jealous glances at her retreating figure. A few days later—the maiden with "The idea" at home, pretty brow puckered with frowns, reading letter: "Dear Girlie—Have canvassed the town thoroughly, found required number of acceptables, but your chosen prize winner, must *ask mamma*—do you object to a mixture of gray in the mustaches? Yours, etc." "The idea"—a prize mustache contest!—um—ah!—oh mamma!

The sentimental violinist whose ambition misled him into drawing the bow with our unmatchable Craig is an aspirant for the honors that usually reward the troubadour. It is bewildering to perform to one, when so many beautiful maids robed in creations worthy to bear the name of Worth all around like so many butterflies!

The great event of the season is the much talked of Easter Ball, to be given by the Bachelors—and oh, dear chappies—which of us will be there when the final roll is called?

Dr. J. Frank Smith has tired of the aesthetic surroundings of his apothecary shop, and sold out to the highest bidders. We will miss the old stand—'twas so quiet.

Mrs. Charles Lancing, Jr., has been quite ill, but is now convalescent.

Mrs. Harry Mars as the "little mother" is one of the most interesting matrons of the city beyond the bridge; her little daughter is the sweetest tempered baby in the world.

There is a gentleman of wealth, culture and leisure in town from the West, in search of a wife, very desirous of winning one of Gotham's girls—not a "new woman" though, he wants somebody on the old-fashioned make; there's a little Indian mixture in his blood.

There is a number of chappies up town, who will separate Easter, so as to report that evening as to the number of "Leon Creations" in evidence during the day.

The beautiful Evangeline Walker has gone on a trip South—in search of real orange blossoms may be—another reason why a certain despised harlequin—A. D. is not a benedict.

Never heard of so many things going on at one time—big Bethel has moved, and in the future will be a close neighbor of St. Philips—quite interesting. Mother Zion has purchased a wonderful organ. The handsome Gould house is almost finished. The coming ball of the bachelors. The great bazaar for the gallant Sons. The colored doctors, fired by the success of Dr. Williams of Chicago, are about to found a colored hospital. Meetings for various purposes, and memorials for the great Douglass are being held all over both cities.

Same case in Brooklyn—unusual activity in the churches. And under the management of the powerful Mrs. Dorsey a great art exposition is set down for the first days of May, for the unrivalled Brooklyn Literary Union, T. McCants, president.

And it makes me sad to record that all these things are being carried by the women—but in the end who will pay the taxes?

Oh, no, dear boy—no portrait of

ANNO DOMINI.

VIRGINIA.

ROSA D. BOWSER, EDITOR.

Race progress is the direct out-growth of individual success in life. As dollar by dollar adds to the accumulation of riches, and enables the possessor to be fortified against the distresses which often confront the poor, even so, when one by one, as a class or race, steps forward to occupy a front rank in intelligence and progress, he necessarily moves up a pace and opens a pathway by which others may follow. If "the kick of a fly moves the world," and "no force in nature is lost," it seems only natural and just in the divine providence of the Creator, that man, made in the image of God, with an immortal soul of inestimable value, should be a powerful lever in His hand by which a people may rise to a creditable position among other progressive nations of the world. While this is a fact, yet the advancement may be more rapid and widespread by encouraging race enterprises.

Though the race rises as individuals rise, the rule works both ways, and individuals rise with the race. That man or woman who is able to lend

a helping hand to a worthy cause, has a small soul, when he refuses to do so, because he or she sees no personal advantage to be derived, and gives an excuse (which proves his selfishness) in these words, "Only a certain few will receive the benefit and credit for the work." What would be the condition of the country today had the brave volunteer of the armies withheld himself when a noble cause demanded his services? Did he see any personal advantage in an engagement which perhaps meant sudden death? I think not. But loyalty to his country and the cause which he deemed worthy impelled him to sacrifice all selfish interests, and life itself if need be, to establish the party of which he formed a part, on a solid foundation.

If we be convinced that the object is a worthy one, and tends to place the race on a higher plane of civilization, we may fall into line of battle for the right, feeling certain that personal advantage will come when we least expect it, and are not working especially for that end.

Mr. I. Garland Penn of Lynchburg, Va., was in Richmond on March 8, and met many of the public school teachers at the Y. M. C. A. Building. Mr. Penn is chief commissioner of the Negro Department of the Atlanta Exposition, which opens from Sept. 18 to Dec. 31, 1895. He has met the teachers of many cities in Virginia, and enlisted their interest in securing exhibits and the means to provide for the care of the same to and from Atlanta, with no expense to the exhibitor. The teachers have origanized an auxiliary board to work for that object.

Richmond is claimed to be a Baptist city but she seemed to have laid aside her denominational garb from March 6th to the 11th inclusive, while the M. E. Conference was in session at the True Reformers Hall. There were about one hundred and fifty delegates in attendance. Our Baptist people opened their homes and hearts to receive them. On the night of the 6th stirring welcome addresses were delivered by Rev. Hunter of the A. M. E. Church, Rev. Z. D. Lewis of the 2d Baptist Church, Rev. W. F. Graham of the 5th St. Baptist Church, Rev. W. W. Brown, Pres. of the True Reformers' Bank, and others. The visiting ministers could not have felt otherwise than welcomed, when they concluded. The pulpits were supplied on the following Sunday from ministers of the Conference.

Having received a commission as Lady Commissioner for Richmond, Va., a Ladies' Auxiliary Board was organized on February 28 at the Y. M. C. A. Building with the following officers: R. D. Bowser, president; Mrs. L. G. Lewis, vice-president; Miss M. L. Chiles, secretary; Mrs. R. K. Jones, treasurer. The committees are arranging for a musical and literary entertainment and bazaar on April 29, at which time the State Commissioners hold a meeting in this city.

Rev. William Troy, formerly pastor of the Sharon Baptist Church, has tendered his resignation, which was accepted with regret, by the congregation.

A gentleman from Massachusetts has been visiting schools throughout the South, organizing Bands of Mercy. The children appeared highly delighted at his instructive address, and willingly joined the Band.

We take this medium to return thanks to the *Virginia Baptist* for the very complimentary remarks on our earnest, but weak effort for the ERA, as we do not know to whom personally we are indebted for the very friendly expressions.

Hereafter the WOMAN'S ERA may be obtained from Anderson's Book Concern, 222 E. Broad St., or of the Va. editor.

GEORGIA.

ALICE WOODBY MCKANE, M. D., EDITOR.

Last month the negro citizens of Augusta rejoiced in the laying of the foundation stone of the Lamar Hospital. Seventy-five thousand dollars was left for the purpose by a Mr. Lamar of that city. The city added to this sum another seventy-five thousand dollars, making in all one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Certainly our people in the city of Augusta are to be congratulated.

A little son makes music for the household of Dr. and Mrs. Whaley.

Over two hundred negroes from the west and south arrived in Savannah during March and set sail for Liberia, Africa. They were well equipped with money, household goods and implements.

THE VALUE OF A TRAINED NURSE.

BY LULA W. JOHNSON.

Read before the N. T. S. A.

Behold the incompetent, ignorant, superstitous nurse or midwife of the present day in our own community. Unknowingly more lives of women and infants are sacrificed in one year at her hands than are brought to an untimely grave by many of the worst forms of diseases.

In the majority of instances no treatment at all and no nursing whatever is better than that which she empirically gives. Better let nature bring about her own cure, or make an attempt to do so, than to ignorantly meddle and kill.

In emergencies her value is not to be estimated by dollars and cents. For instance, a child playing around comes across some one of the poisonous preparations of mercury, which has been carelessly left within its reach, and drinks it. A physician is not near at hand, but there is a trained nurse near by. When told of the accident she replies, "I will do what I can till the doctor comes." She gives albumen in the form of the white of an egg, varying the number of whites according to the amount of the poison taken. A prompt emetic or something to produce vomiting is given. The physician has not yet arrived, but the nurse has saved a human life.

To the physician the trained nurse is a powerful aid. For instance, in typhoid fever and those diseases where the febrile symptoms run very high, she takes the temperature accurately every hour, or at stated intervals, in order to know and stop its onward march to the danger degree. Watching the strength of the heart by the char- and count of the pulse, she is enabled to ate it when necessary. Proper liquid foods ven, while hemorrhages and secretions are carefully looked out for.

Asepsis and antisepsis of course are not forgotten, while thorough cleanliness, order and quiet, the first three commandments of the nurse, are minutely observed.

To be continued.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SCHOOL AT MANASSAS.

A committee of Cambridge ladies are making preparations for an entertainment, for the benefit of the Manassas School which was recently burnt, to be given early in May. The best talent has been secured, and it promises to be a most brilliant affair. See ad. later.

DOUGLASS MEMORIAL.

Mr. Ruffin of Ward 9 offered an order in the Boston City Council, That a committee of five, with such as the Board of Aldermen may join, be empowered to make arrangements for a public memorial in honor of the late Hon. Frederick Douglass; the expense attendant on the same to be charged to the Contingent Fund of the City Council. Passed, sent up, and passed in the Board of Aldermen.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

At the invitation of the Dorchester Woman's Club, the Massachusetts State Federation will meet at the Second Church, Washington, corner of Centre Street, Dorchester, on Thursday, April 11, 1895, at 10.30 A. M., subject "Charity."

Arrangements are being made for a lecture by Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams to be given in Park St. Church, shortly, under the auspices of the WOMAN'S ERA. Some prominent literary woman will preside. Miss Fisher, the winner of the ERA musical scholarship, will sing.

THE OPEN COURT.

Edited by Mrs. N. F. Mossell, author of "The Work of the Afro-American Woman."

All communications intended for publication in this column must be addressed to 1432 Lombard St., Phila.

"FREE TO SERVE.

Then let it be
The motto of our lives until we stand
In the great freedom of eternity.
Where we shall serve Him while we see His face,
Forever and forever, free to serve."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVEGAL.

"The Open Court," as was stated in last month's ERA, is a department open to all, a letter box into which may be slipped the note that suggests the text, and even the sermon itself. It is intended to "fill a long felt want"; it is a department in which the people "are going to be heard."

"The Mother's Corner," "Side Talks With Girls," and "Hints on Housekeeping." "Fashion" is the one subject excluded. Having up to the present moment failed to answer for our individual benefit the query, "Wherewithal shall ye be clothed," we decline attempting to answer this question for the world at large. A very valuable paper might be written on the moral and commercial value of a word or phrase.

Dr. J. H. Armstrong, Financial Secretary of the A. M. E. Church, and one of the most popular candidates for the bishopric in his connection, in a recent issue of the *Christian Recorder*, (the organ of his denomination,) contributed a valuable paper bearing the title, "You Are Expected to Help Run This Train." A railroad porter had failed to take interest or assist in any manner toward discovering the cause of the clogging of some portion of the machinery of his train. He was very emphatically told by his superior officer that he was not only to do his stated work but further he was expected *to help run that train*.

We desire to impress upon the readers of this column they are expected to help "run it" by subscriptions, by literary contributions, by commenting upon the matter found within its limits, or upon that which they think the column should contain.

We hope to make Dr. Armstrong's comment of great commercial value to the ERA during this present year.

The only way to make the ERA, the organ of our clubs, a thorough success is for each to feel a personal interest in its success or failure. We have watched

with great solicitude the ventures of our women in journalism. In *Our Women and Children*, Dr. Simmons editor, we said some years ago in a paper entitled, "Our Women in Journalism": "And when at some future day we shall desire to start a journal by our women, for our women, we will have built up a bulwark of strength. We will be able to lead well because we have learned to follow."

Shall we not prove by our work for THE WOMAN'S ERA that, during our years of apprenticeship, we did indeed learn to lead—prove by our work for this journal that the queen has come to her own?

Up to the hour of going to press, we have received thirty-six subscriptions for the Open Court. Marked copies of the ERA will be sent to friends at a distance. We hope the response will be a subscription to the journal. We have been permitted to make the following offer under the auspices of the Open Court.

One young lady can receive a scholarship in the Trained Nurse Department at Hampton College, Va. Apply to Miss Eliza A. Grier, Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa. A small salary is attached, which will aid the student while in training.

The query on every side is: "Have you read 'A Carnival Jangle,' by Alice Ruth Moore, in the March issue of the ERA?" Many women writers of our race have exhibited talent, ability, industry; but there is a charm, an artistic touch, a dramatic force about the work of this young writer that is attracting widespread attention. All hail to the rising star in the race's literary firmament.

Another writer of the race and sex deserving of honorable mention, an example of whose work appears in the July issue of the *National Baptist Magazine* is Mrs. Amanda Miller Coleman, of Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C. The bright sketch, "Dorothy's Soliloquy," is both charming and unique in its style. We hope to secure the writer for the Open Court. The race is proving daily that it has within its limits latent talents that are worthy of careful scrutiny and of every aid that can be given to its future development.

The only way to keep posted on the past work of the Afro-American Woman is to purchase "The Work of the Afro-American Woman," by Mrs. N. F. Mossell.

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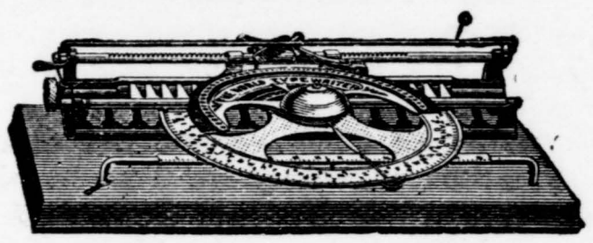

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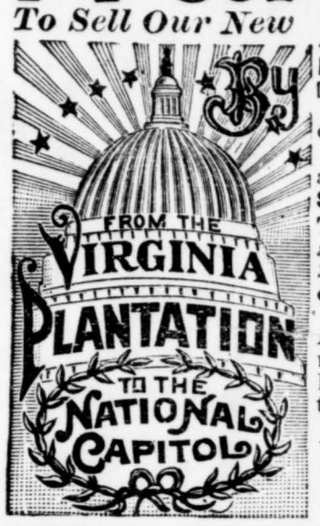

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